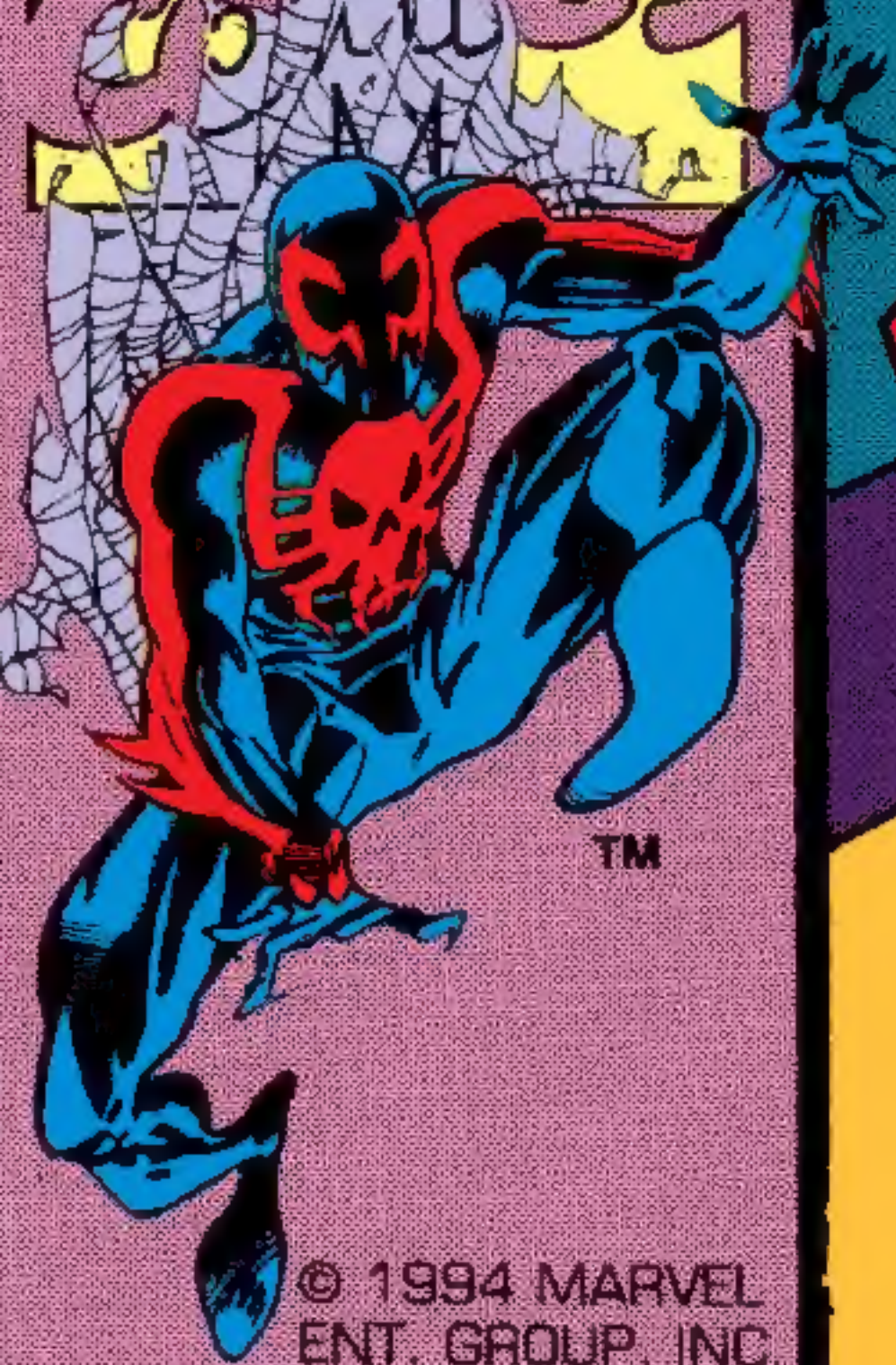




**MARVEL**  
**COMICS**

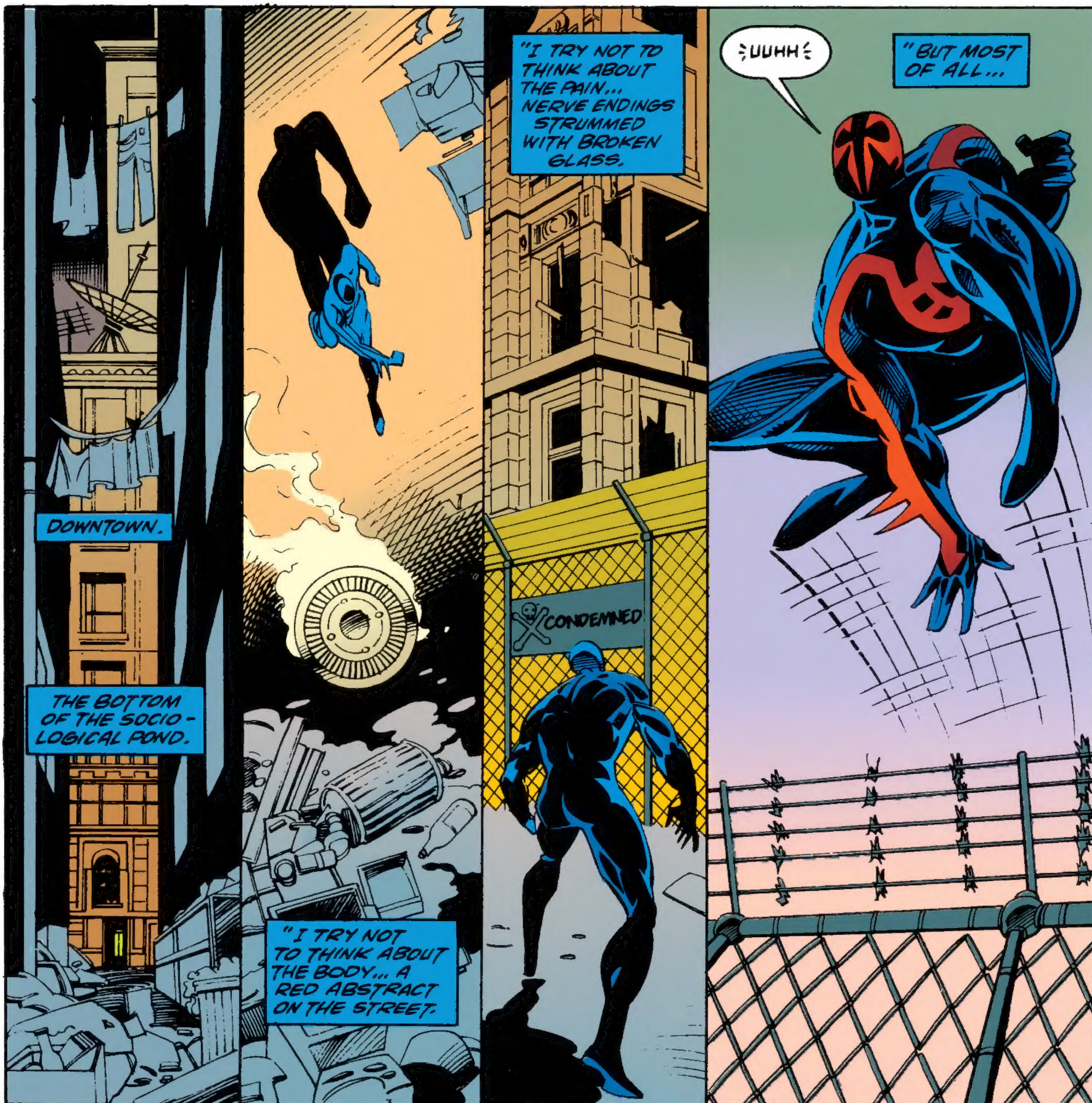


**\$1.50 US**  
**\$2.05 CAN**  
**21**  
**JUL**

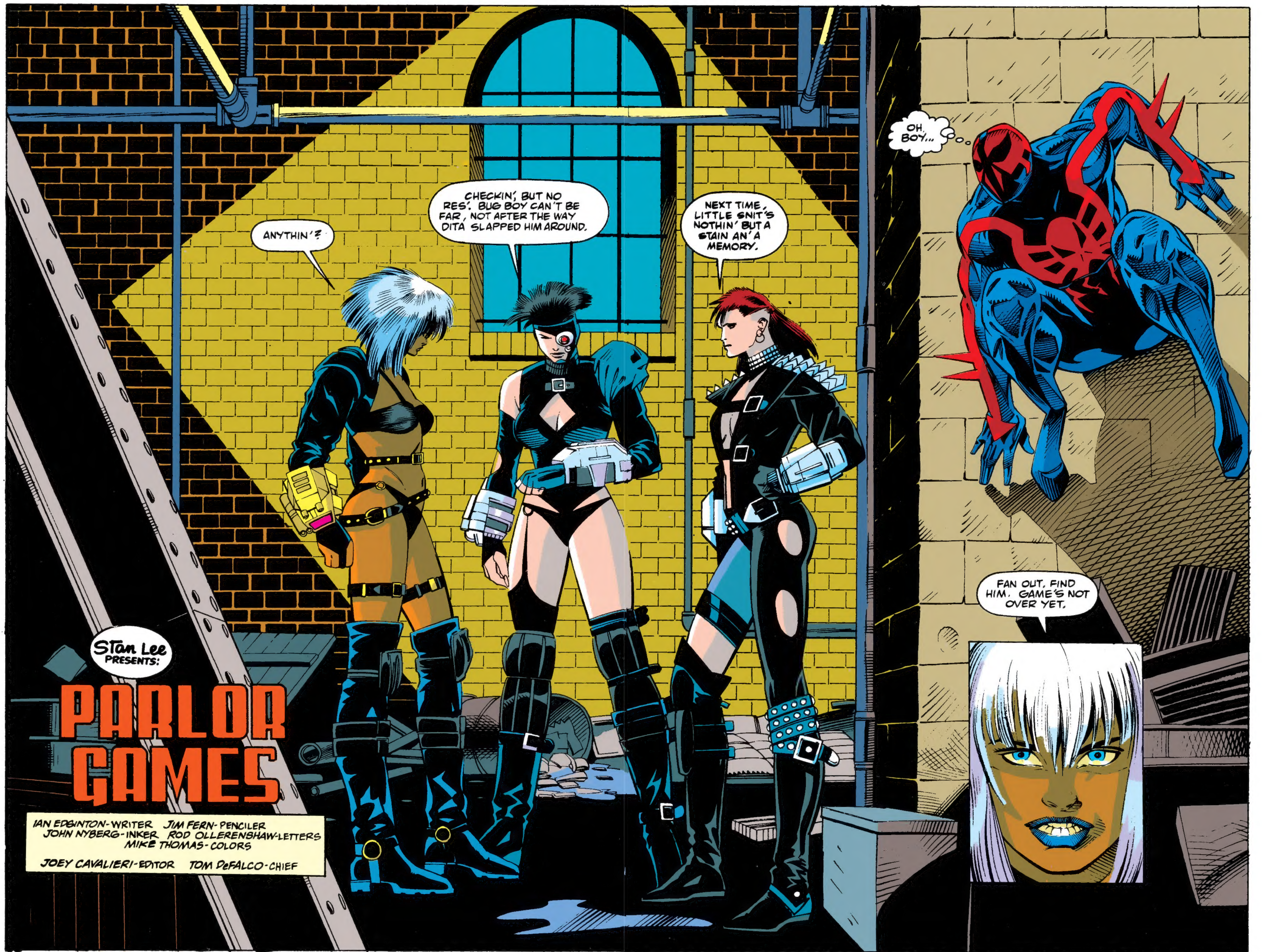
APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

**WARNING:**  
**DON'T GET IN HIS WAY!**









ANYTHIN'?

CHECKIN', BUT NO RES'. BUG BOY CAN'T BE FAR, NOT AFTER THE WAY DITA SLAPPED HIM AROUND.

NEXT TIME, LITTLE SNIT'S NOTHIN' BUT A STAIN AN' A MEMORY.

OH, BOY...

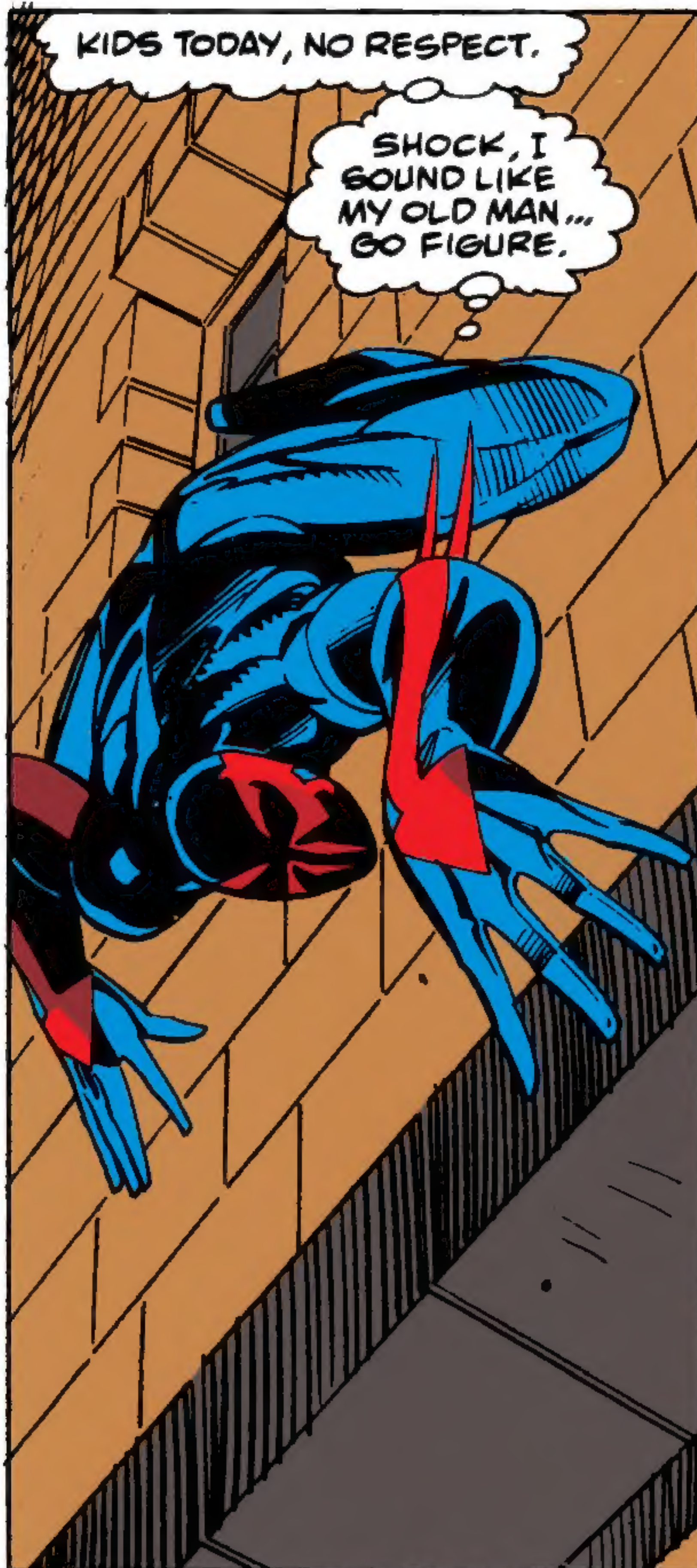
FAN OUT, FIND HIM. GAME'S NOT OVER YET.

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# PARLOR GAMES

IAN EDGINTON-WRITER JIM FERN-PENCILER  
JOHN NYBERG-INKER ROD OLLERENSHAW-LETTERS  
MIKE THOMAS-COLORS  
JOEY CAVALIERI-EDITOR TOM DeFALCO-CHIEF





KIDS TODAY, NO RESPECT.

SHOCK, I  
GOUND LIKE  
MY OLD MAN,,,  
GO FIGURE.



HUNH.

SOMETHING FEELS  
SOFT INSIDE THAT  
SHOULDN'T BE.

THIS IS ONE DRASTIC  
CURE FOR INSOMNIA,,,DIDN'T  
PLAN ON GUNG-HO JUVENILE  
DELINQUENTS PLAYING  
CATCH WITH MY SPLEEN.



NEXT TIME I CAN'T  
SLEEP, I'LL SHOOT  
MYSELF AND SAVE  
THE GRIEF.

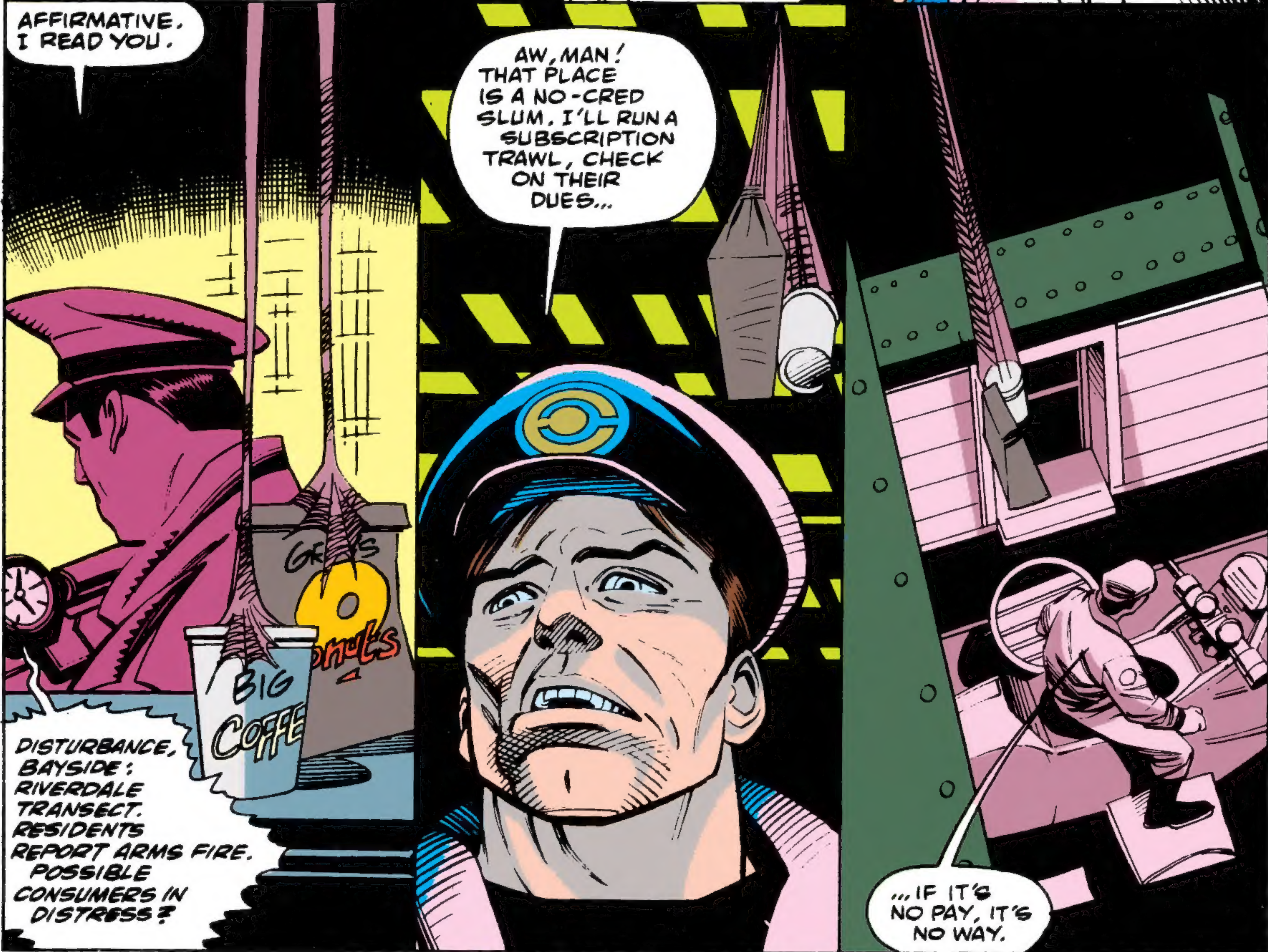
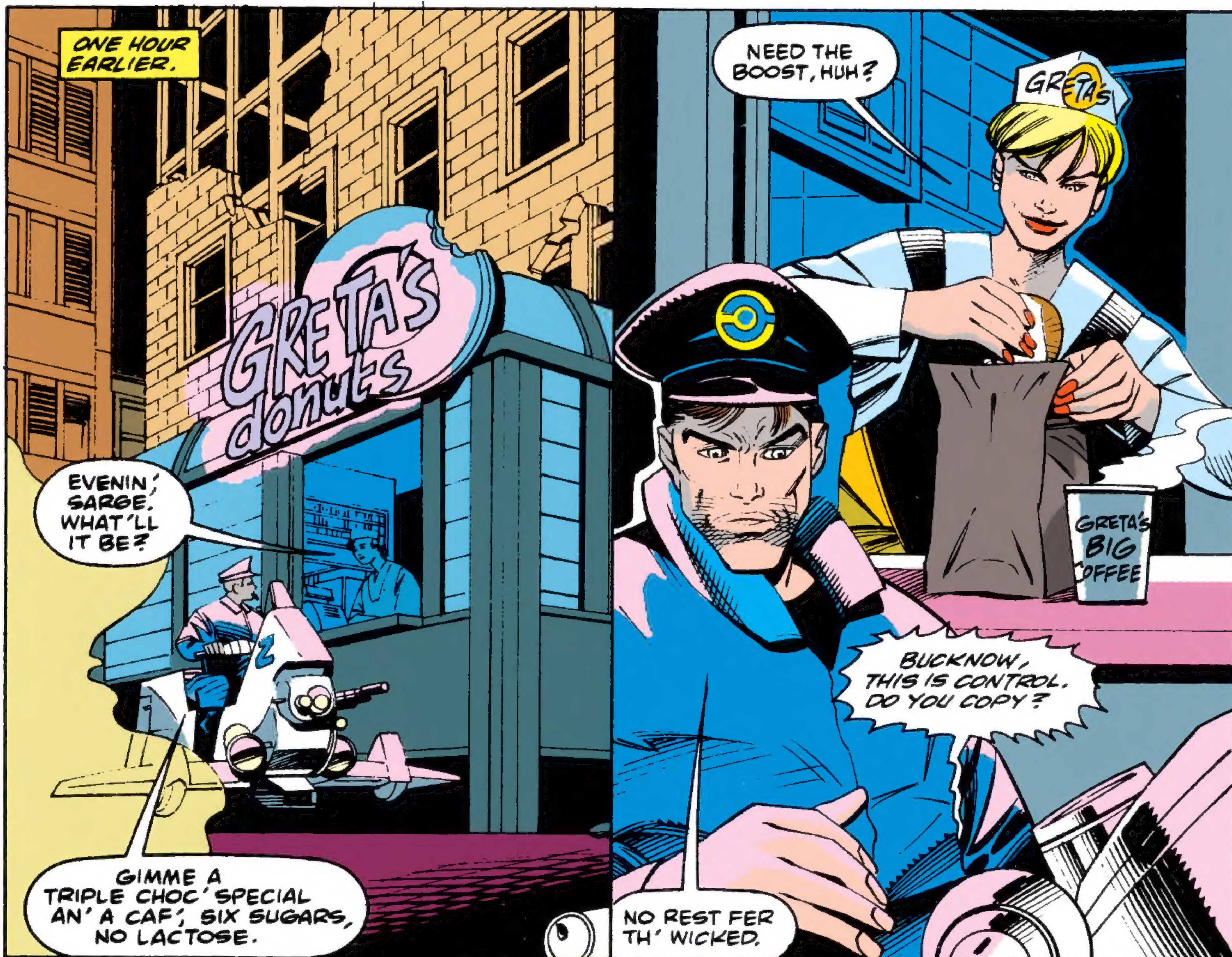


HEH! FUNNY GUY.  
I KILL MYSELF  
SOMETIMES,,,

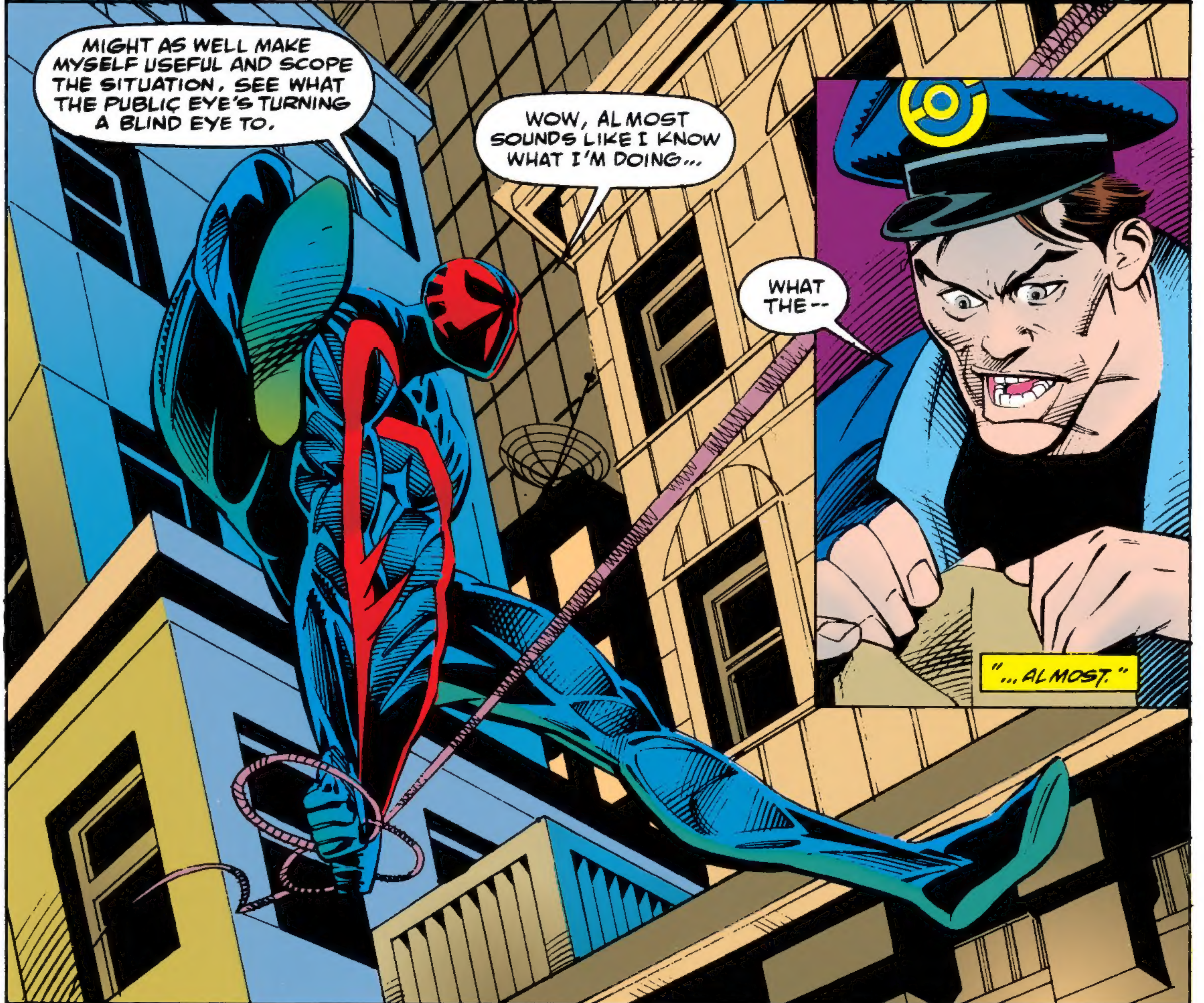
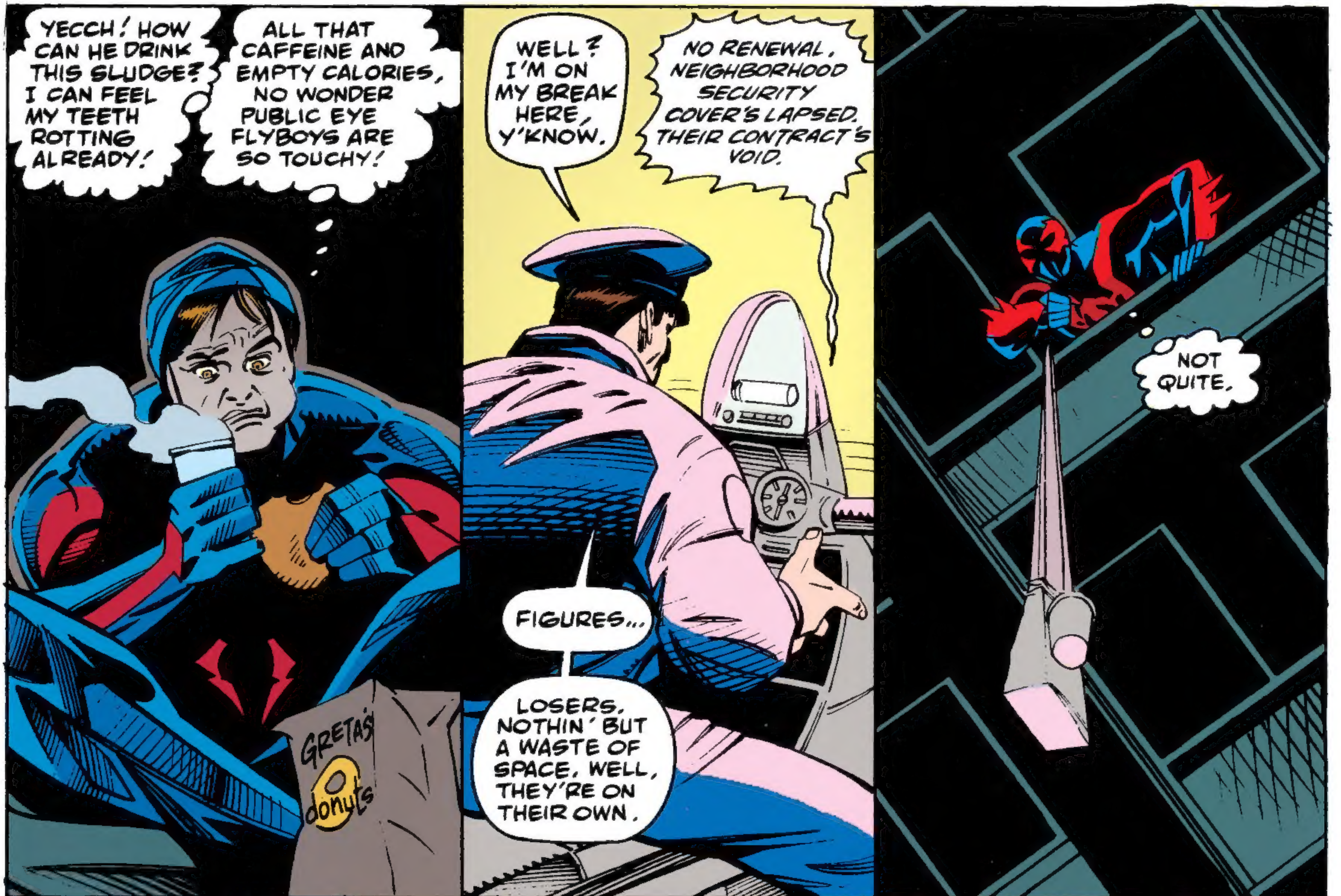


EXCEPT  
I KNOW THREE  
WOMEN WHO COULD  
BEAT ME TO IT.













HARVINDER MANN DOES NOT EXIST.

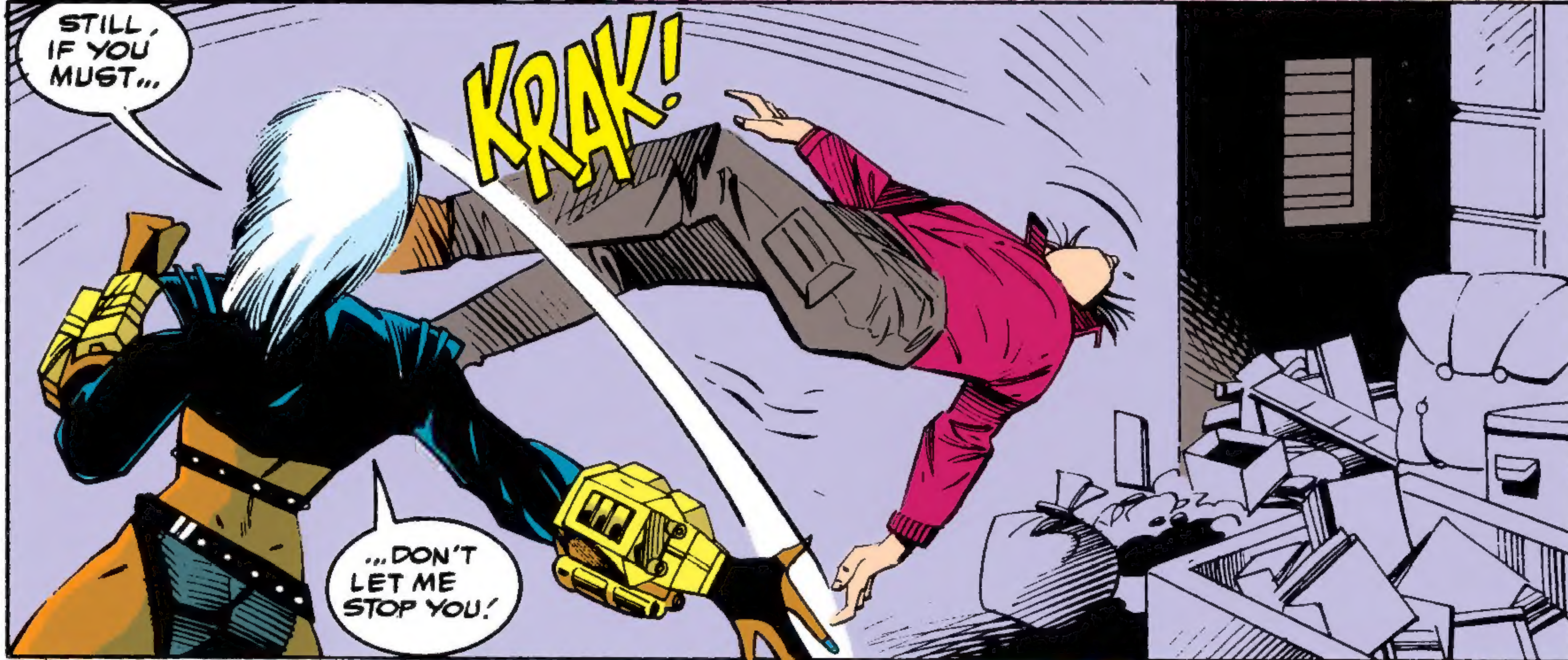
⋮ Pant ... Pant ⋮

FORMERLY A VIRAL ENGINEER, HIS TALENTS WERE OUT-STRIPPED BY ADVANCING NEW TECHNOLOGIES.



OH, NO.

LEAVING SO SOON? HOW RUDE. WE WERE ENJOYING OURSELVES.



STILL, IF YOU MUST...

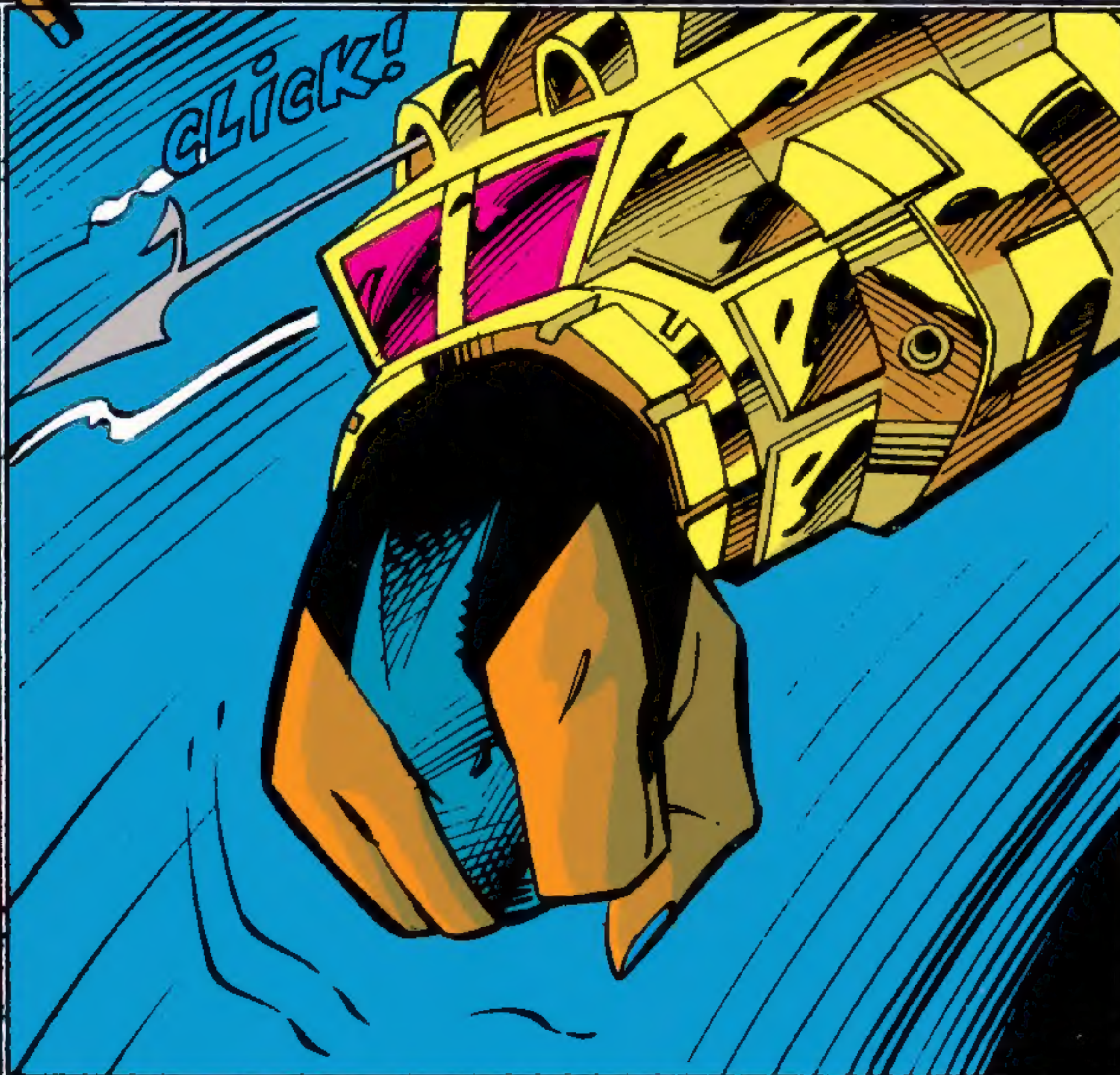
KRAK!

...DON'T LET ME STOP YOU!



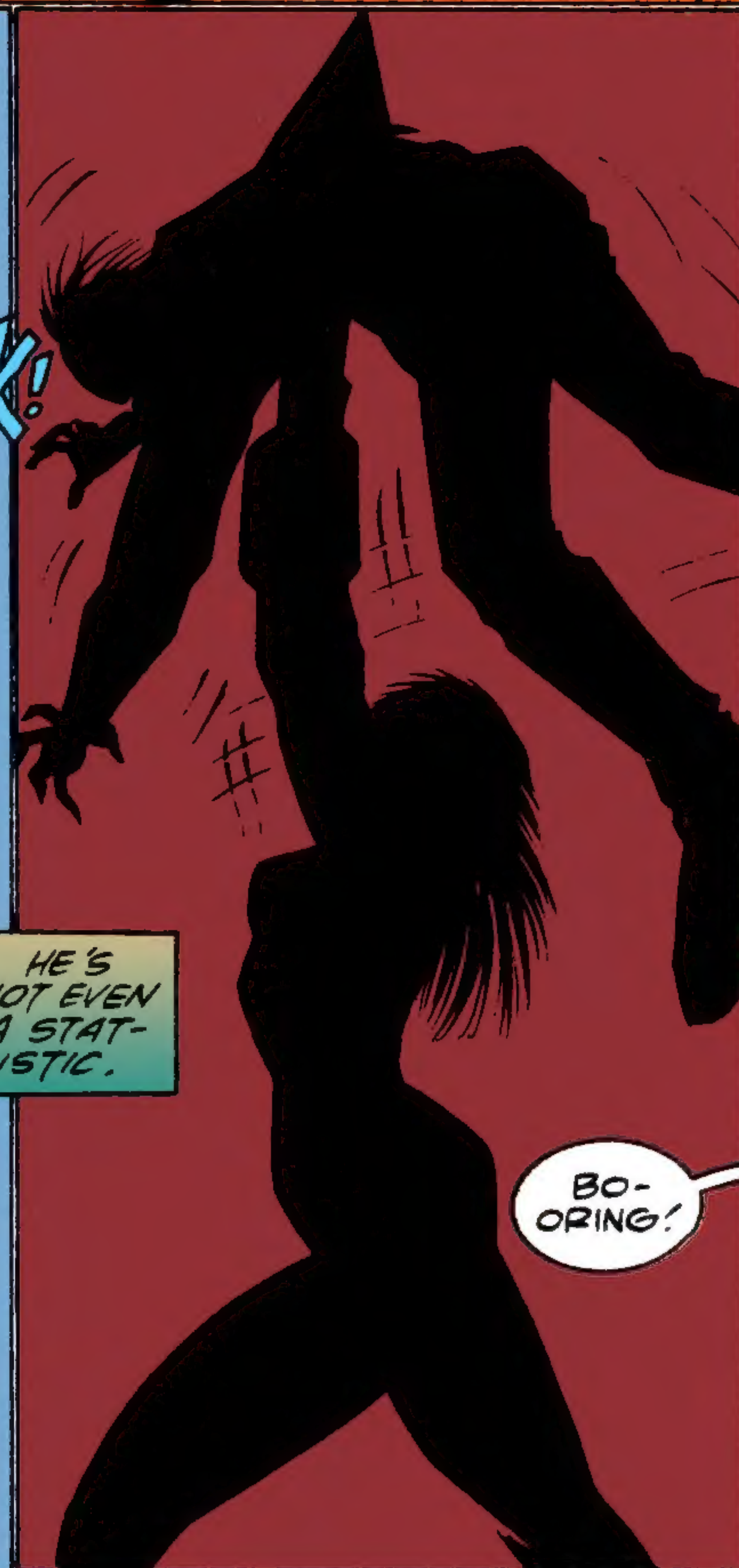
REDUNDANT. OBSOLETE. HE'S NOW PART OF A BURGEONING UNDERCLASS.

NNNNHHH



CLICK!













WHO?  
US?

YES,  
YOU!  
WHO  
ELSE?

YOU GOT US  
THERE, STUD.  
BUT CALLING  
THIS RETROGRADE  
POND LIFE A MAN'S  
STRETCHING THE  
IMAGINATION,  
Y'KNOW?

YOU SICK  
CREEP! WHAT  
GIVES YOU  
THE RIGHT?

KRANG

"RICH SICK CREEP,"  
IF YOU DON'T MIND.  
RICH ENOUGH TO BUY  
ME ALL THE RIGHT  
I WANT!

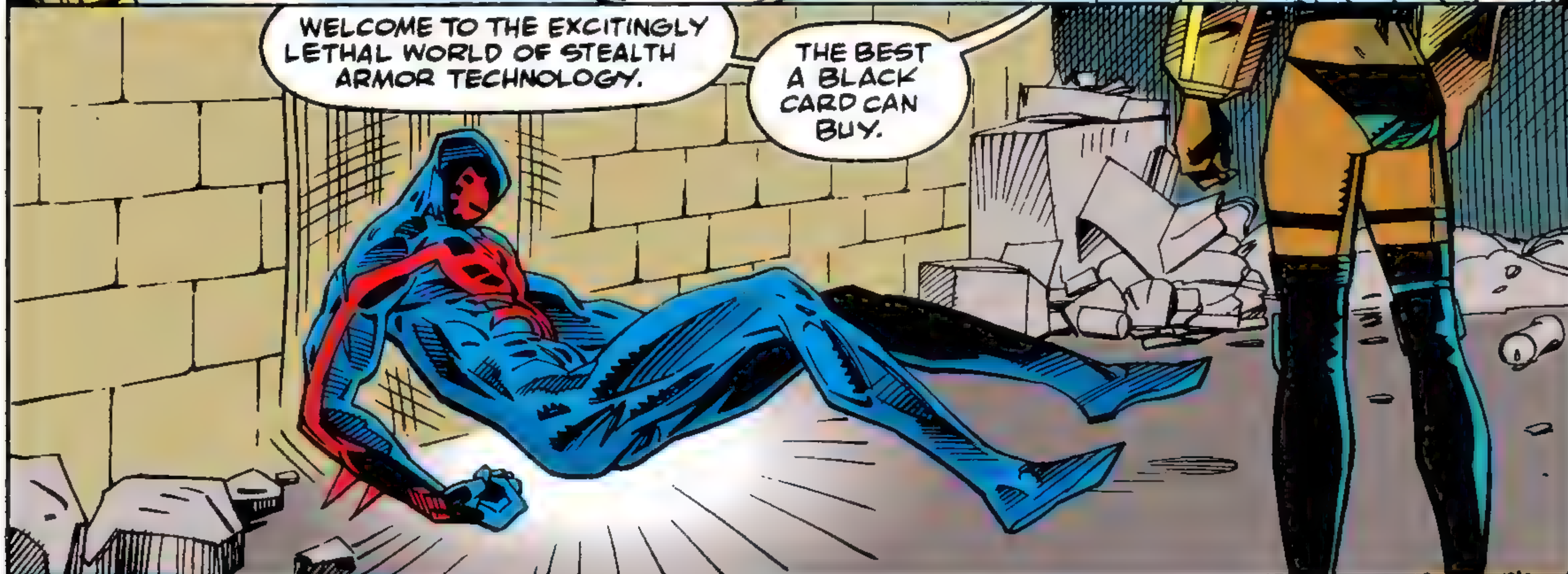
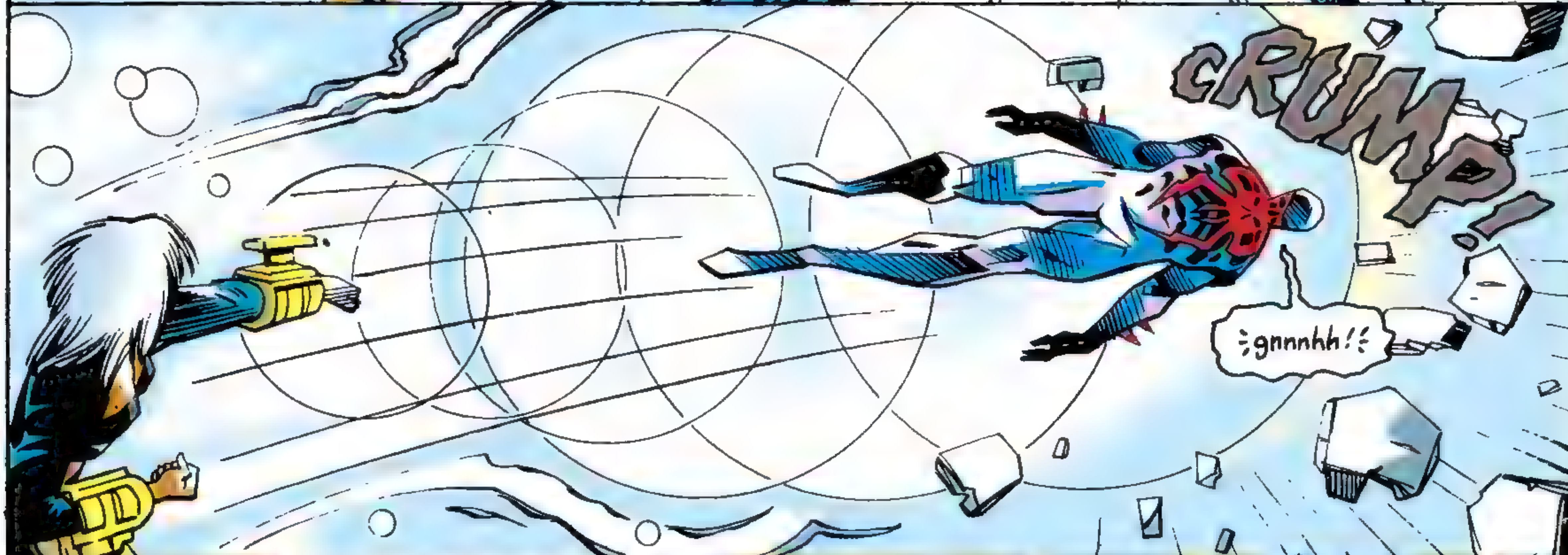
BY THE  
WAY, WAS  
THAT YOUR  
BEST  
SHOT?

HOLY!  
THEY'RE  
NOT MUCH  
MORE THAN  
KIDS!

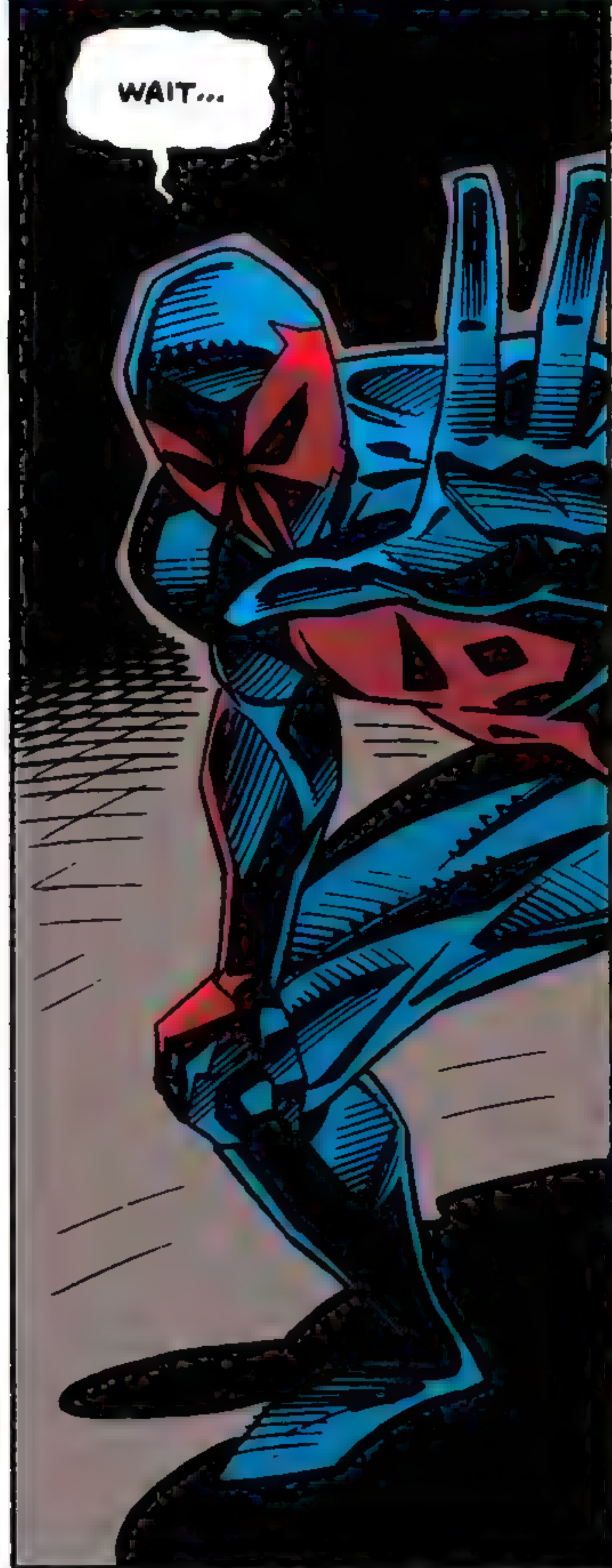
YOU... YOU  
MURDERED  
THAT MAN  
IN COLD  
BLOOD?

OOOWWW...  
BROTHER,  
SHE'S  
FAST!

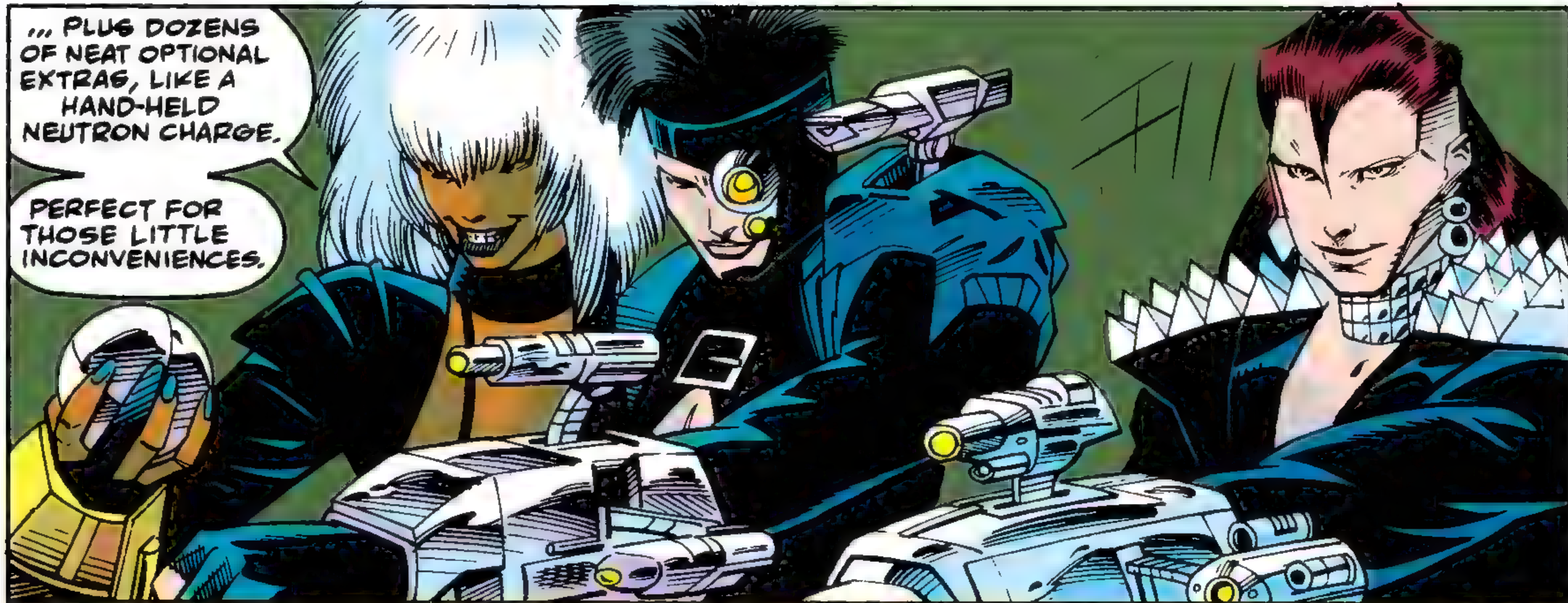






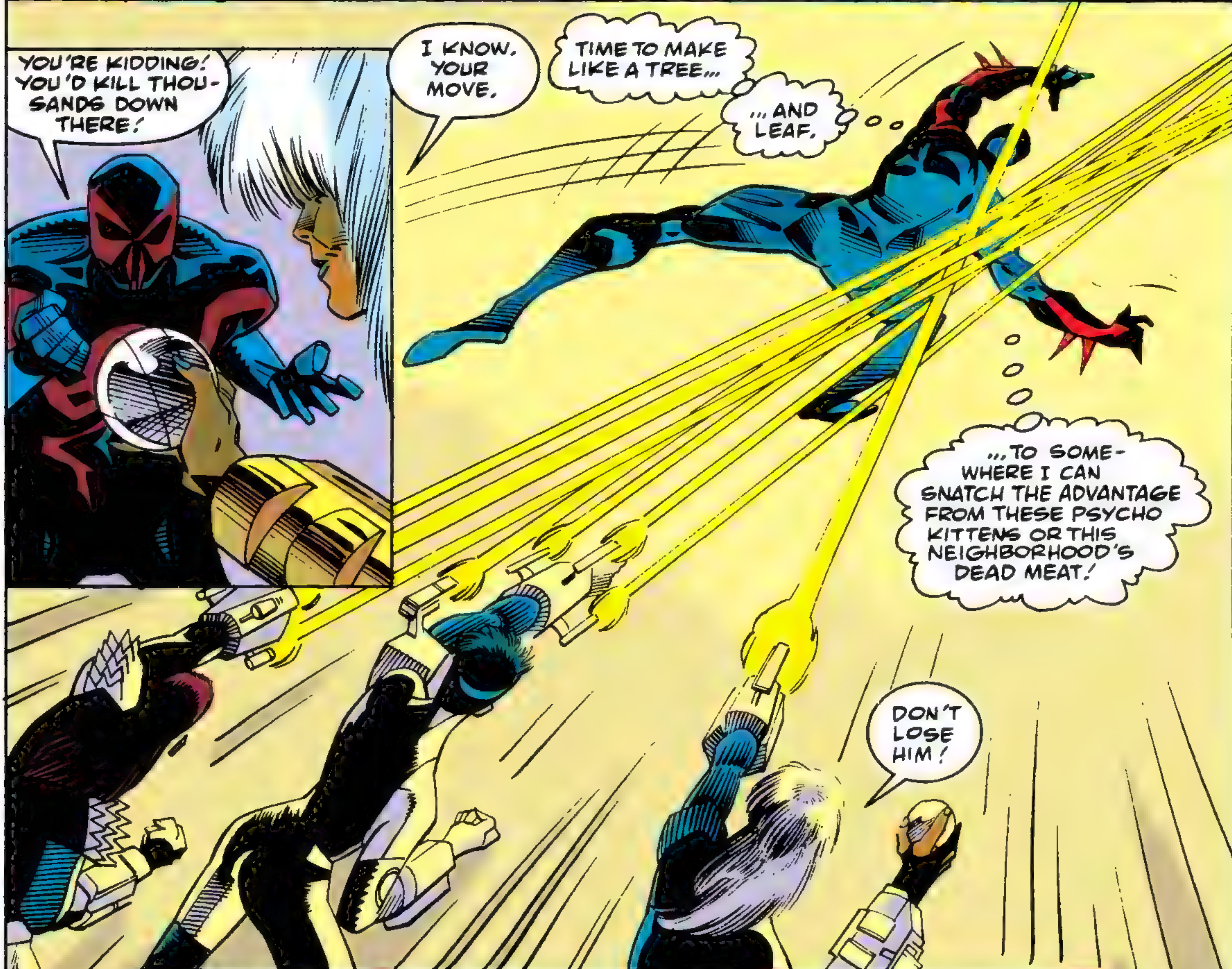






... PLUS DOZENS OF NEAT OPTIONAL EXTRAS, LIKE A HAND-HELD NEUTRON CHARGE.

PERFECT FOR THOSE LITTLE INCONVENIENCES.



YOU'RE KIDDING! YOU'D KILL THOUSANDS DOWN THERE!

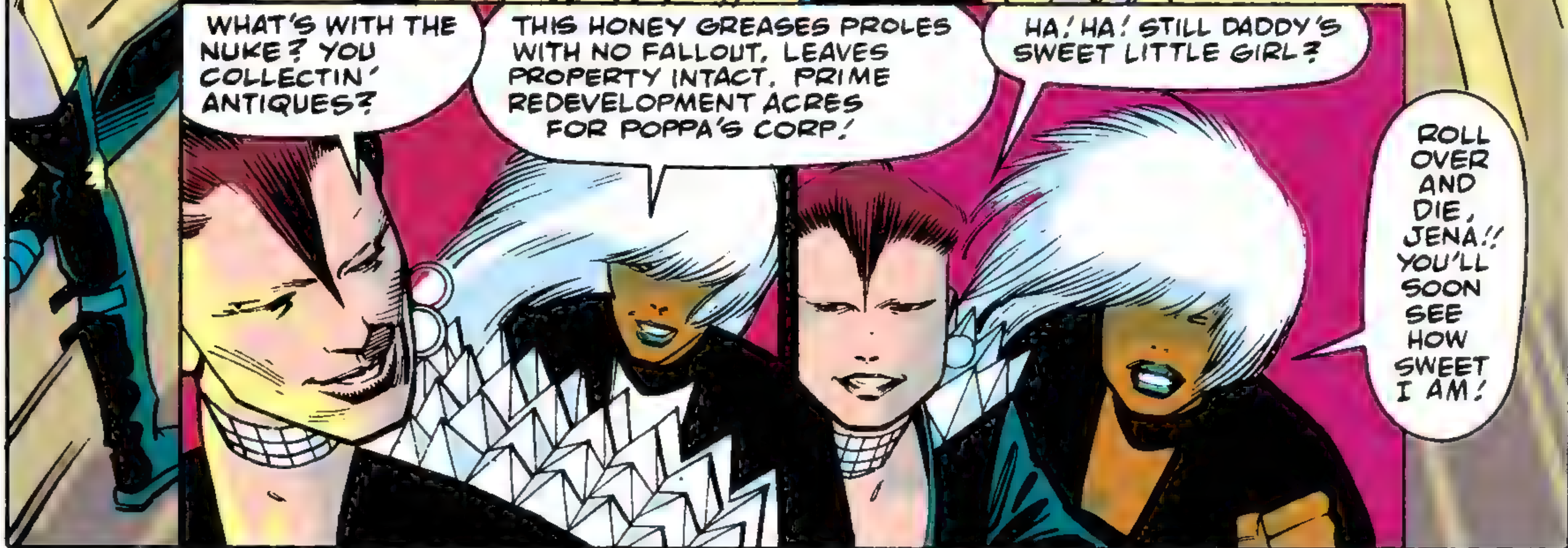
I KNOW, YOUR MOVE.

TIME TO MAKE LIKE A TREE...

... AND LEAF.

...TO SOMEWHERE I CAN SNATCH THE ADVANTAGE FROM THESE PSYCHO KITTENS OR THIS NEIGHBORHOOD'S DEAD MEAT!

DON'T LOSE HIM!



WHAT'S WITH THE NUKE? YOU COLLECTIN' ANTIQUES?

THIS HONEY GREASES PROLES WITH NO FALLOUT, LEAVES PROPERTY INTACT. PRIME REDEVELOPMENT ACRES FOR POPPA'S CORP!

HA! HA! STILL DADDY'S SWEET LITTLE GIRL?

ROLL OVER AND DIE, JENA!! YOU'LL SOON SEE HOW SWEET I AM!





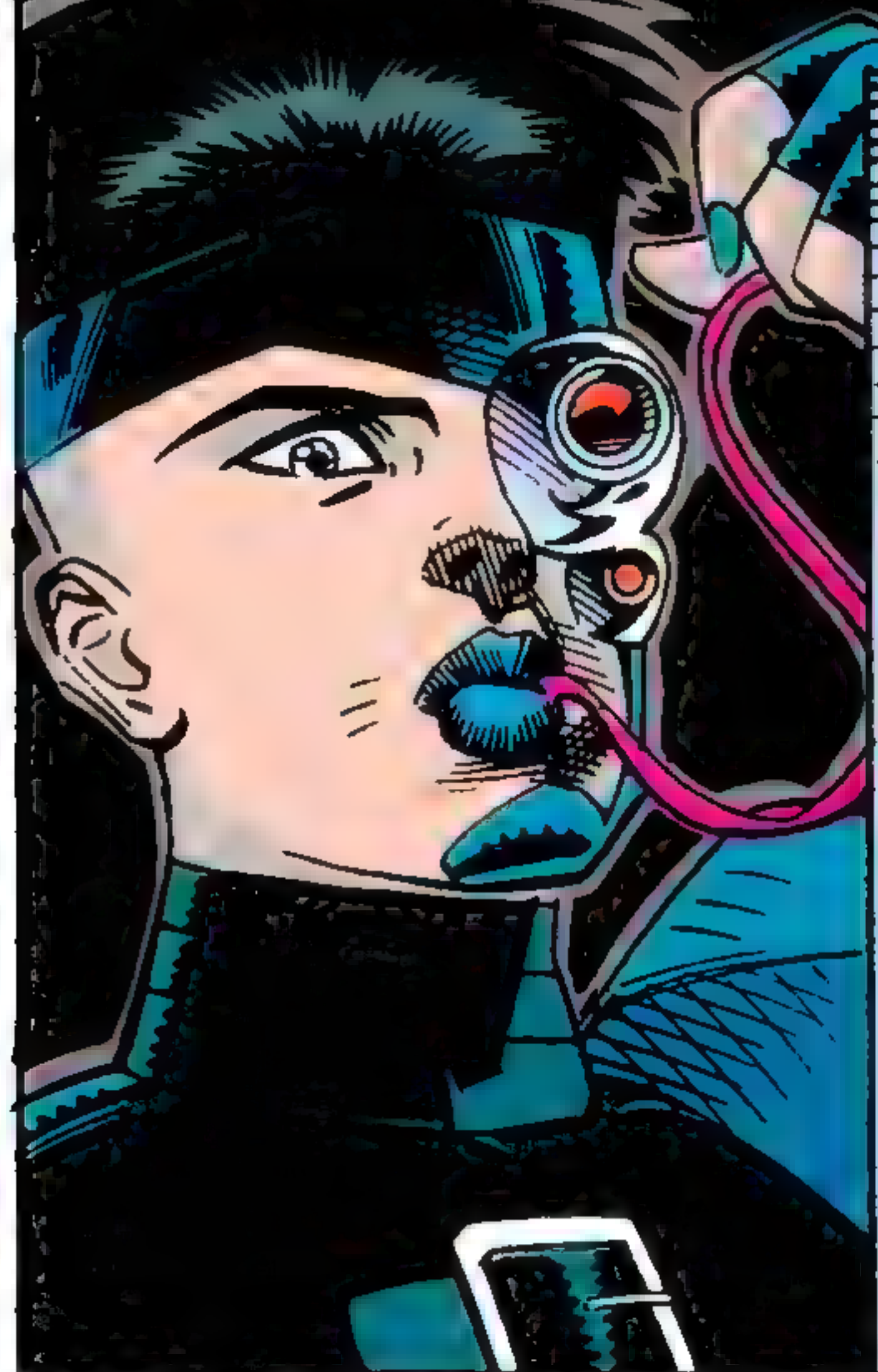
THIS IS FUN! WHAT D'YOU DO FOR AN ENCORE, O'HARA, STICK YOUR HEAD IN A BLENDAX?

FAN OUT, FIND HIM. GAME'S NOT OVER YET.

HOPE I'M SMART AS I THINK I AM OR THIS'LL BE OVER REAL QUICK.



"COME INTO MY PARLOR," SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY.



EEK! DITA, THAT YOU?



HUH?





BOO! I THOUGHT SHE'D LIKE ME WITHOUT MY MASK... AND WITH MY FANS!

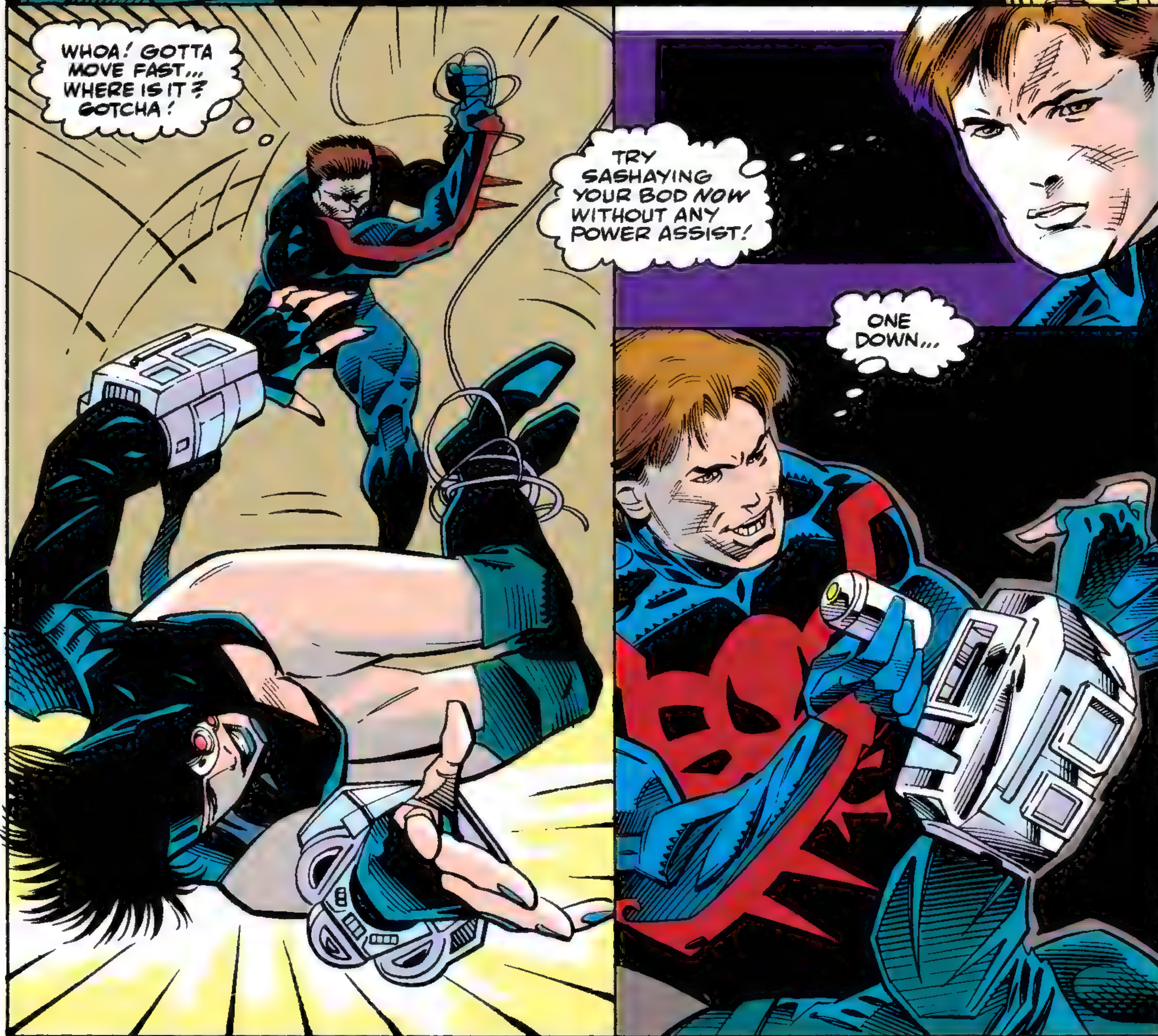
EEEEEE

EEUMMPHH!

SORRY MA, LET YOU DOWN AGAIN.

HE SHOOTS... HE SCORES!

MA ALWAYS TAUGHT ME NOT TO FIGHT WITH GIRLS...



WHOA! GOTTA MOVE FAST... WHERE IS IT? GOTCHA!

TRY SASHAYING YOUR BOD NOW WITHOUT ANY POWER ASSIST!

ONE DOWN...



"...TWO TO GO."

SHOCKOLA EXTREMIS  
DOUBLE PLUS! BORED  
ALREADY!

I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET  
DITA YAK ME INTO BLOWING A  
MONTH'S ALLOWANCE ON THIS  
SUIT!

LIKE, IT'S  
NOT EVEN MY  
COLOR!

POPPIN' NO-CREDS  
IS A GRIN... FOR  
THIRTY SECS MAX! THEN,  
DULLNESS OVERLOAD.

DITA GETS  
OFF ON IT...  
BUT THEN, SHE'S  
MIGS TEEN PSYCHO  
OF 2099.

THAT SPIDER-  
MAN! HMM!  
SLAB OF  
HORMONE  
FRENZY,  
OR WHAT?!

IT'S HIM! I  
BEAT THAT WITCH  
DITA TO THE KILL!

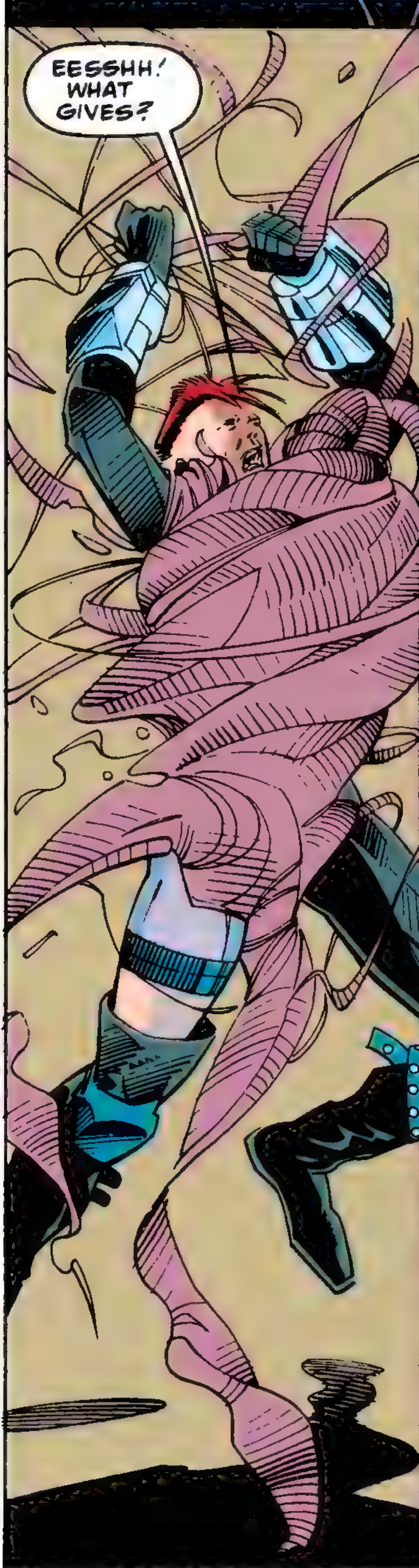
TIME TO  
CARVE ME  
SOME BEEF.

CHAK!

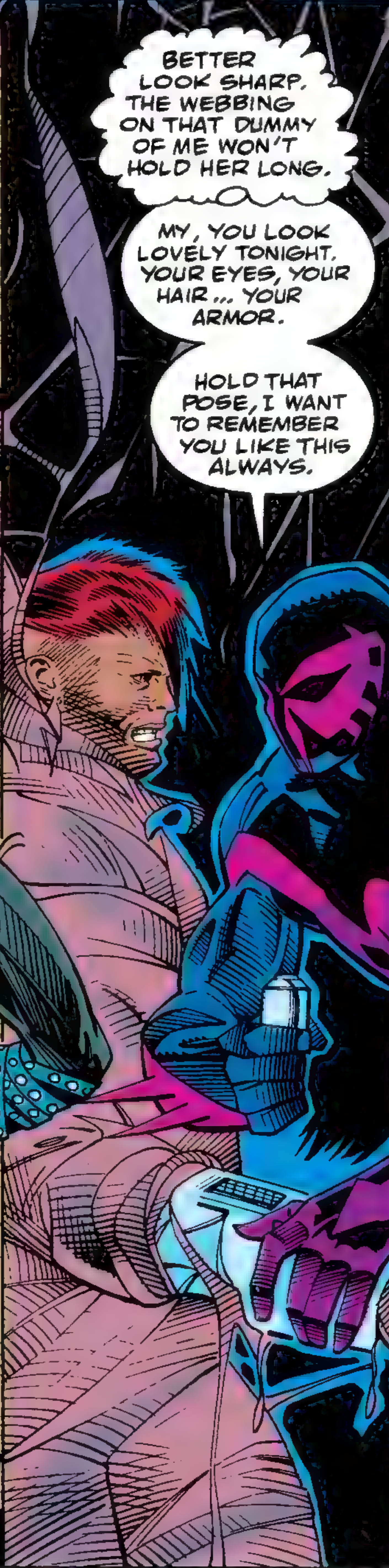




SURPRISE!!



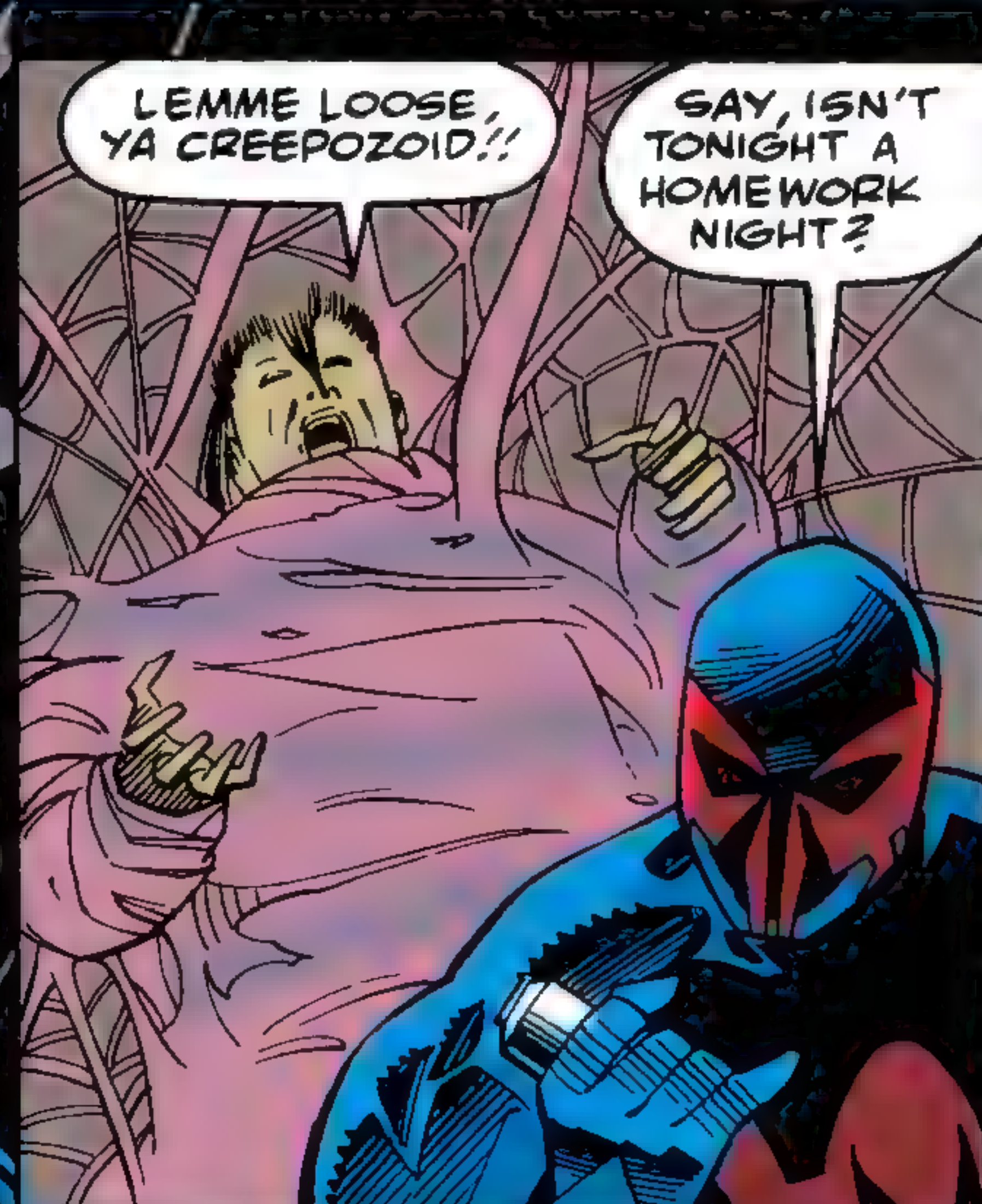
EESHH!  
WHAT  
GIVES?



BETTER  
LOOK SHARP.  
THE WEBBING  
ON THAT DUMMY  
OF ME WON'T  
HOLD HER LONG.

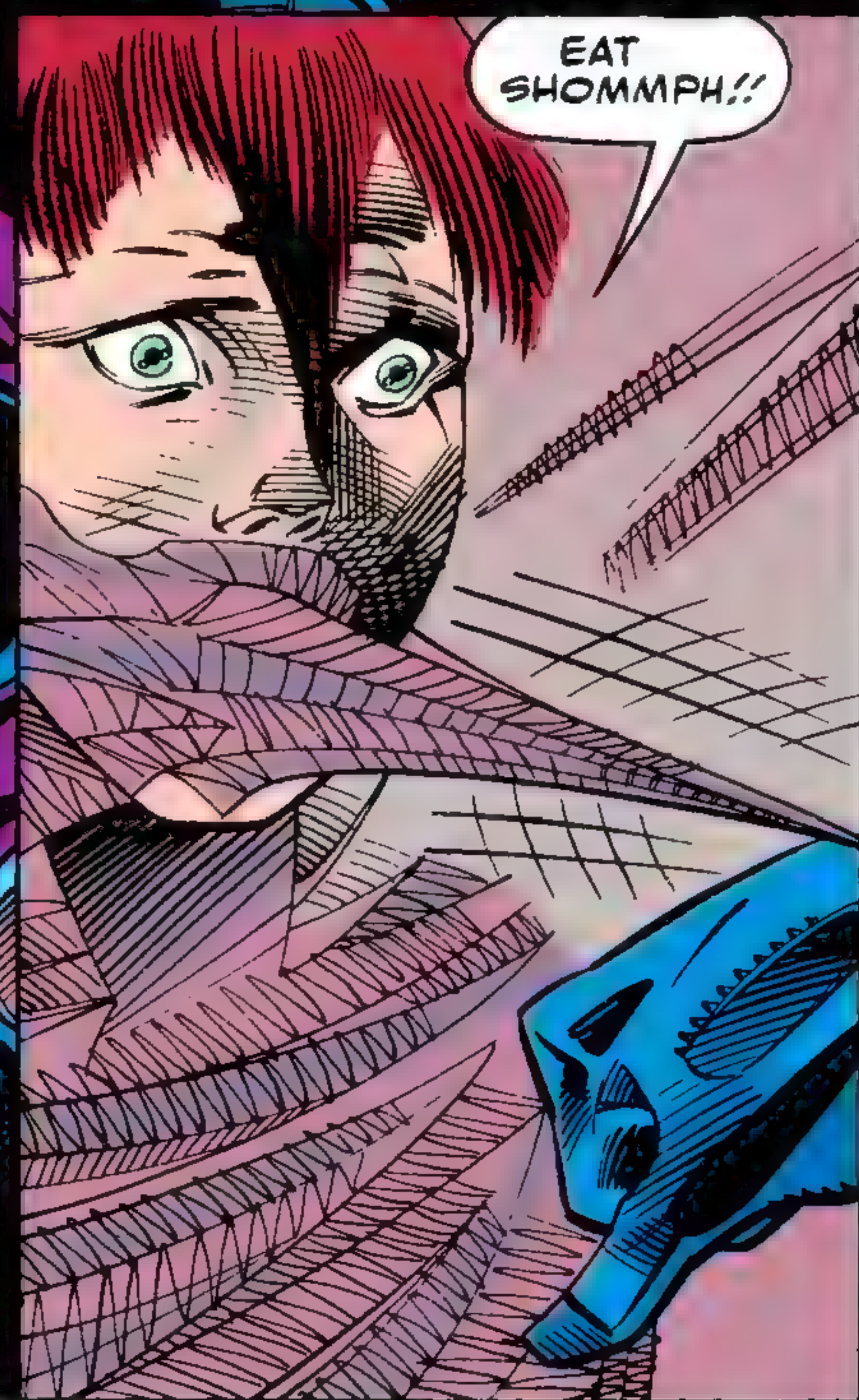
MY, YOU LOOK  
LOVELY TONIGHT.  
YOUR EYES, YOUR  
HAIR ... YOUR  
ARMOR.

HOLD THAT  
POSE, I WANT  
TO REMEMBER  
YOU LIKE THIS  
ALWAYS.



LEMME LOOSE,  
YA CREEPOZOID!!

SAY, ISN'T  
TONIGHT A  
HOMEWORK  
NIGHT?



EAT  
SHOMMPH!!



DON'T EAT THE  
WEBBING, IT'LL GIVE  
YOU CAVITIES.

I HOPE,  
ONLY ONE  
HAPPY  
CAMPER  
LEFT...

"SOMEHOW I SENSE  
SHE'S NOT GOING TO  
BE SUCH A WALK  
OVER."

WHOOOM!

WHOA!  
PSYCHIC  
OR WHAT?

FREEZE, TWERP! YOU'RE  
SECONDS FROM BECOMING  
A STICKY RED SMEAR.  
ANY FINAL WORDS?

HOW  
ABOUT  
"GET  
SOME  
THER-  
APY?"

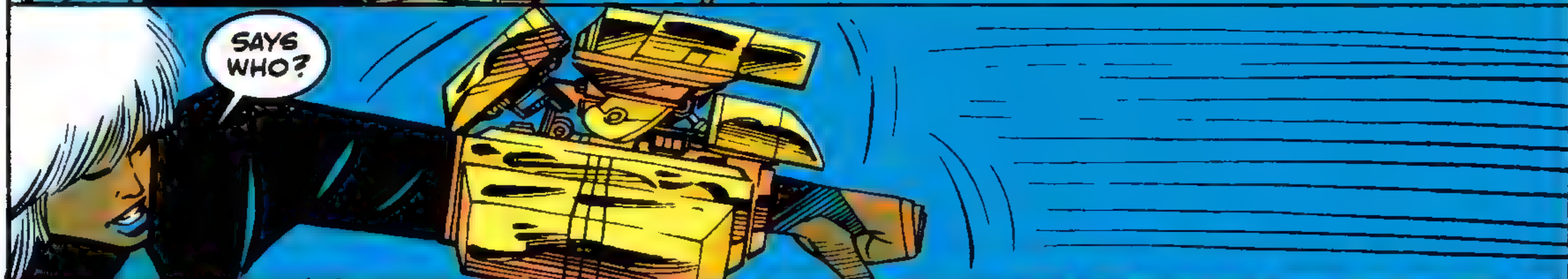
SWELL, O'HARA,  
YOU TOUCHED A  
NERVE THERE.





HOLD IT! LOOK, INSTEAD OF THIS "YOU SHOOT ME, I RUN AWAY" STUFF, CAN'T WE TALK THIS OUT?

WE'RE CIVILIZED PEOPLE!



SAYS WHO?



BA-  
WHOOOM!

GOT TO STOP HER OR SHE'LL BRING THIS PLACE DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!

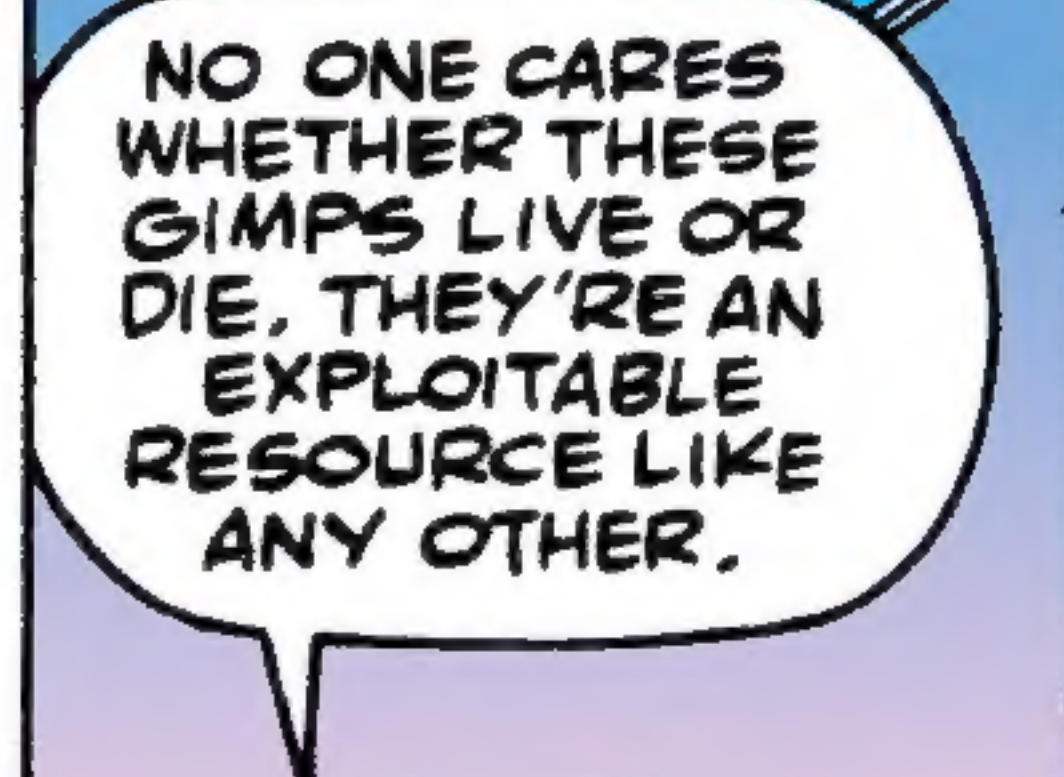


WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHAT'S THE POINT?





BECAUSE I CAN,,, BECAUSE I LIKE IT.



NO ONE CARES WHETHER THESE GIMPS LIVE OR DIE. THEY'RE AN EXPLOITABLE RESOURCE LIKE ANY OTHER.



THEY'RE PEOPLE!



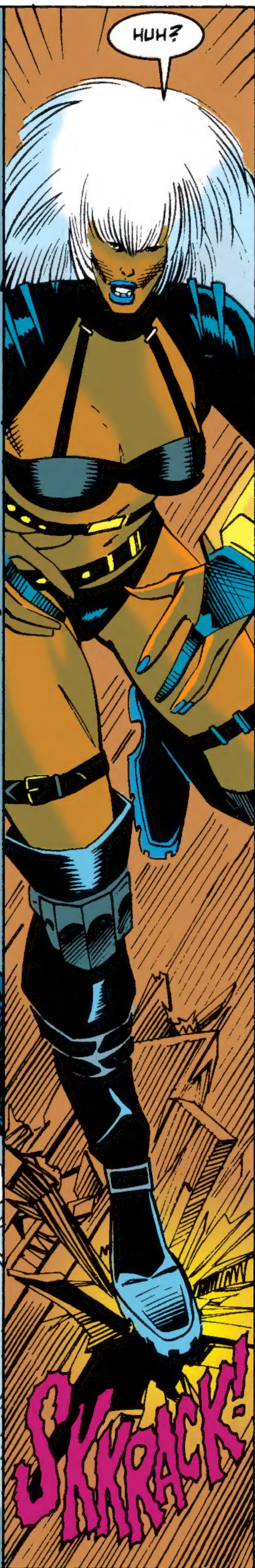
REALLY? OH, GOSH, WELL, EXCUSE ME!

YOU LOVE THEM SO MUCH, JOIN THEM,,,



...IN VALHALLA!

BREKK!



HUH?

SKKRACK!







